

BAD NEWZ

RADIOACTIVE

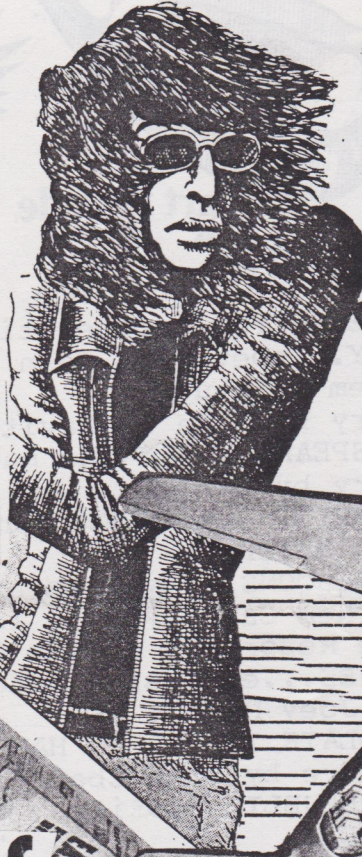
Things
Are Possible!"

PUNK **TuRe**

3

1.50

John Eberly
by Donny the Punk
David Huberman
atu
Maia Szalavitz
Timothy Houghton
bob z



A.P.P.L.E.

The Governor of
Oregon

said

'It's a
national
disgrace'

NEW REPUBLIC

JOEY

Bob Z tankz
to-
ramone

of the

RAMONES

5-page exclusive
interview

HANDLE CAREFULLY





My wrinkles

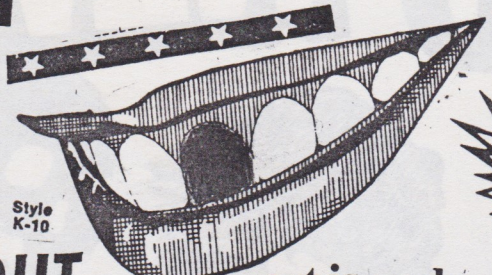
Suspected INSTANTLY!

legged Skateboard

PRESS

BAD NEWZ

BAD NEWZ iz published about 5 times per year by Artits & Writers Under the Ground. Yearley subscriptions to this rag help put on punk shows in the new york area besides helping the mag get published and are available at \$5.25. Make check or money order payable to bob z. Send all love & hate mail to: Artists & writers underground, c/o Sarris Bookmarketing, 125 E. 23rd St. #300, New York, NY 10010



Style K-10

OUT

art is nude politics."

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been chums and joking around so no one took him serious. "We had no idea he ly meant it," young Don sobbed at the inquest. "He told us, 'I've only got a short time to live, so I might as well choose the time to die.' We thought it was a joke, but I guess it was the Ouija curse. "When he didn't come back we went to look for him. We found him hanging in the yard, strangled by his acket."

KILL YUPPIES

THE Health Nut is totally self-absorbed in his own physical well-being.

By creating a favorable climate through its association with the art business can operate less inhibited by environmental concerns and political problems.

no the says sponsored church



IT'S A FREE COUNTRY.

ED GEIN'S CAR talks about their roots, the current state of hardcore music, and demonstrates by being who they are the meaning of punk.... THE DICKIES go ape shit into TV, politix, pizza, shaving habits, and other critical matters of interest to all.... Stefan of THE FALSE PROPHETS offers a mouthful of history from A7s and the early daze of the band to Alternative Tentacles and back again... Abraham of URGENT FURY is as usual excruciatingly honest talkin about the death of hardcore and where the punk scene iz going today....

S no Kabloom AN



from another time...

Explosive

LETTERS

Heartbreaking
READ WHY...

know its wrong to send shit with an order or sample copy request or whatever but if this sampler is shit you can use or if you want some better shit or if a hundred ifs this is a sampler, a rough idea of what I do, if you want some good shit let me know but in the meantime send me a sample copy of BAD NEWS gonna be in your neighborhood (NJ) in oct hoping to see IJ folks, but mainly anyway this is well, if you like this shit let me know or if it captures the mood or whatever kinda drunk here so let me know but mail me an ish of BAD NEWS to Larry Oberc 58 Anderson St #1 Boston, MA 02114



VERA I shouldn't be feeling like this I deal with downtown like think I have enough dope to get strait think I call? Shit, fuck,

MLS as she lays in the bed, curls position, twitches, r sides, almost a shot. The syringe attaches it more to he.



What can a man believe in?

NIGHTMARES OF REASON AND THE NEW FRONTIER...

i happen to like that style of prosevere stuff kinda real but. definate punk if that should matter since some of the best punklit is really journalism and lyrics its hard to write punk lit unless you totally destroy all existing forms of style and write something that so new so outstandingly brazen that it shocks and makes everyone throwup with wonder and excitement then that would be punk lit and not just description of punk life fear not we all have failed at this yet the struggle is worth it isn't it?

SEX CULTURE

something tells me there is a new frontier in lit about to explode no more hippygarden love shit kids or people in their mid twenties early thirties who too young for the peacelove summers who caught on w/sid and the ramones and on thru the thousand poseurs and fists in the gut and face have woken up gotten up off the dancefloor shook off the blood and decided that newlit newpunklit was going to explode their minds open at least thats my hope i dont find myself in the pit much these days and i try to stay away from all this speedmetal mainstreaming of punk and so i scramble inside to write what pours out and hope it will be read...

BINGO!

Mic McInnis
Editor of NIGHTMARES OF REASON ZINE
P.O. Box 278
East Cambridge, MA 02141



27. CU VERA as she screams, then when she gets the shot moans in ecstasy.
28. PULL BACK TO...MLS as she looks at the creature in her arm.

FACE It BIG S

Ed. Note... We seem to be standing, as Mic states, on the edge of a new literary consciousness that stands a chance of catching fire and lighting up the imaginations of artists all over the place. For quite a few years now we have been pushed backwards by Reaganism and conservative heartless assholes inflicting mental cruelties on themselves just by existing with the attitudes they stand up and boast about... amerika, god, and censorship all seem to go hand-in-hand in this military dictatorship lifestyle that has been so prevalent in the last 6-7 years. Little things like the invasion of Grenada, the rise of religious fundamentalism, the war on sexual promiscuity and censorship, the AIDS scare, the anti-drug sloganeering so prevalent in the press, all are symptomatic of this pro-amerikan game people seem to be playing with themselves... self-deception and passive acceptance of mass-media illusions are as commonplace now as at any other time in memory. The love of technology and the romanticizing both of star wars missile technology and soldiers in general by diluted conservative sources so difficult to pin down and identify because they are so entrenched and common, even in our own collective consciousness, keeping us fed with false information and working for the benefit of oppressive corporate superstructures that have no interest in human rights only in profits profits profits, all of these things are becoming more and more clear to us now. The hardcore music scene is dead. The punk fashion show of suburban teenagers trying to look more cool than each other has taken that scene over and effectively destroyed the original message of hardcore, which I always thought was to throw out the old system of oppression amerika has come to represent for so many of us frustrated and

I SUGGEST
A BUS?



On Farm Mobilization Day last week President Roosevelt paid tribute to the U. S. farmers, urging them on to the task before them. Farm Mobilization

ignored creative people who are everywhere talking and spreading our ideas around, sharing with people and opening up doors for those who are ready to take the next step forward. We are all on the edge, waiting, wanting to take in from each other that extra encouragement that's going to push us ahead, so that we can change ourselves, change each other, find the next free parking space on the road to evolution and savor the fresh air there. This is an exciting time. Something new is hitting us but we don't know yet all the details, but we are learning from each other. We stand against a common enemy, oppression, embodied all around us by the falwells and the reagans and the madison avenue slogans thrown at us on the TV and in the mainstream press, and it is perhaps through our mutual feelings of contempt for the system that we will find the deeper threads of commonality between us, the positive force that will make our local scenes happen, that will ignite and inspire one another to create and build, knowing all the time that in the face of censorship and fundamentalism we must unite in order to survive. Jello Biafra's trial might only be the beginning of a great cause for the once complacent artist to rally behind something that affects all of us- the right to say what we want to, to comment on our government freely without fear of reprisal or bombing of our offices by rightist killers fresh from the abortion clinix of amerika. I know this all sounds terribly preachy but i'm not a preacher just a guy like anyone else who notices a change coming on, since hardcore has effectively died as a movement, does not speak for people anymore, and only serves to mask the real issues we must deal with if we are to survive as a free people, whatever that means, i see people young people without jaded attitudes wanting

GOOD-BYE
CRUEL WORLD!



4 **THEIR DAILY ORGAN BEATING**

to express themselves reacting to what's around them still more than a little afraid who wouldn't be with everything going on today i don't know how productive it is to sit back and not get involved anymore... seems to me the only way anything meaningful is going to happen in our lives, we have to go out there and help others to make it happen without feeling threatened by differences like the length of each other's hair skin color or shit like that. i see lots of borrowing from the late 70s punk scene going on trying to revitalize what is happening now and dealing with what is going on in each of our lives now totally on a grass roots level. Not caring about money except to survive, our goal is to communicate as much as possible with anyone willing to share themselves as an equal, striving for some kind of beneficial exchange of information or something bound to enrich an otherwise boring lonely existence. its time to come out and talk to strangers i think we can do this and not feel threatened if we trust our guts and not our tv sets. there is a lot more to be learned that is going to benefit society by doing this than by sitting by the tube with a beer all day anyway thanks for writing Mic you really inspired me. New York is about to explode because PUNKTURE is inserting itself into the scene that has always been here but has never really searched itself reachin for those threads of commonality that will make everyone richer for having attempted a search. Deeper meaning can be found and given shape by a group, provided its members are each individually richer with contributing their share, whatever share they are able to submit believing they can benefit the group by doing this, but also being flexible and receptive to the signals being given out all around. Groups of artists are throwing parties on the streets of New York, busting open ideas that have been brewing below the surface for years but have not bubbled up until now. there is a movement that has only just begun here. We are calling it PUNKTURE for lack of a better term. Anyone and everyone who has something to share is encouraged to participate

-Bob Z!

ROSEY

WALKIN' DOWN THE ROAD WITH MY
CHICKEN SACK- LITTLE RED ROOSTER
PECKIN' ME IN THE BACK- I'M A
FOOL IN LOVE NOW I SUPPOSE- GAVE
MY HEART TO A GAL NAMED ROSE

OH ROSE! OH ROSEY! OH ROSE! OH
ROSEY! OH ROSE...

STUMBLIN' IN THE DARK HEADED TO-
WARD MY SHACK- NO MOON TONIGHT
JUST BLACK ON BLACK- LIGHT UP
AHEAD I CAN SEE IT NOW- MY OLD
GREY MULE AND MY FAT RED COW

OH ROSE! OH ROSEY! OH ROSE! OH
ROSEY! OH ROSE...

I LOOKED IN THE WINDOW AND WHAT
DID I SEE? MY BEST FRIEND BERT
KISSIN' SWEET ROSEY- THEY WERE
CHEEK TO CHEEK AND LIP TO LIP-
WHEN I LOOKED CLOSE, THEY WERE
JOINED AT THE HIP

OH ROSE! OH ROSEY! OH ROSE! OH
ROSEY! OH ROSE...

SO I SET FIRE TO MY LITTLE SHACK
LET THE CHICKENS GO AND I NEVER
LOOKED BACK- I'M A FOOL IN LOVE
EVERYBODY KNOWS- LOST MY HEART
TO A GAL NAMED ROSE

OH ROSE! OH ROSEY! OH ROSE! OH
ROSEY! OH ROSE...

-John Eberly

A POEM**kangaroo/koo/koo/koo/koo/kangaroo ka

by atu

X dolls — like Barbie

Outside the Club thousands of junkies
eyes screaming need, tight-lipped
presenting Attitude
to the Doorman
who will choose

You! You! You!

You are cool enough, you can cover your need
with money

You can show the ever-hallowed attitude so important
to junk (I don't care).

So come in and dance whilst the others jones!
Come in and stomp on their need, show your imperialism,
embody your decadence, here have a shot!

While crying with sickness and hunger your brothers
in the street starve--

but we are Cool, we are High, we are better,
smarter, have Money and Beauty, commodities and
cocaine, Attitude and antidote to civilized Chaos.

Scream out, junkies in the street!
Let your cries drown out the music of Decay!

Damnable Attitude
obscuring all that is really important
And yet obscenely illustrating today's
American Beauty/Reality!

Maia Szalavitz

100
AT&T



HANS SCHNEBEL stands at
the entrance to his under-
ground home

developed by
at detect ar-

TO CURE TECHNOPHOBIA YOU NEED ILLUSIONS THAT WORK.

A lot of people aren't fooled by the new technology. They know it means new
levels of tedium wherever work is required for survival.

At AT&T, we're worried by their hostility.

That's why we're watching reactions to automation so closely. To find out what
people will accept. And where they draw the line.

Our calculations can help them view their domestication as inevitable, almost
nice.

You see, at AT&T we know even the most advanced technology can be
dismantled by people who want to live for
themselves and not us.

AT&T. We help keep domination up to date

THE STORK paid a visit to
America's most-beloved doll.

She wins
a baby

By DICK

Nature

"He is truly one of God's special children. The son we were never able to have."



SID SPEAKS

MUSIC

Are You Seeking escape

(Through the cooperation of a local spiritualist medium, we have obtained the services of the late Sid Vicious to answer questions from readers. Send your questions to this zine.)

Dear Sid,

/// When I go to shows I can't see the band because everyone's head is in the way. What can be done about this?

Shorty

Dear Shorty,

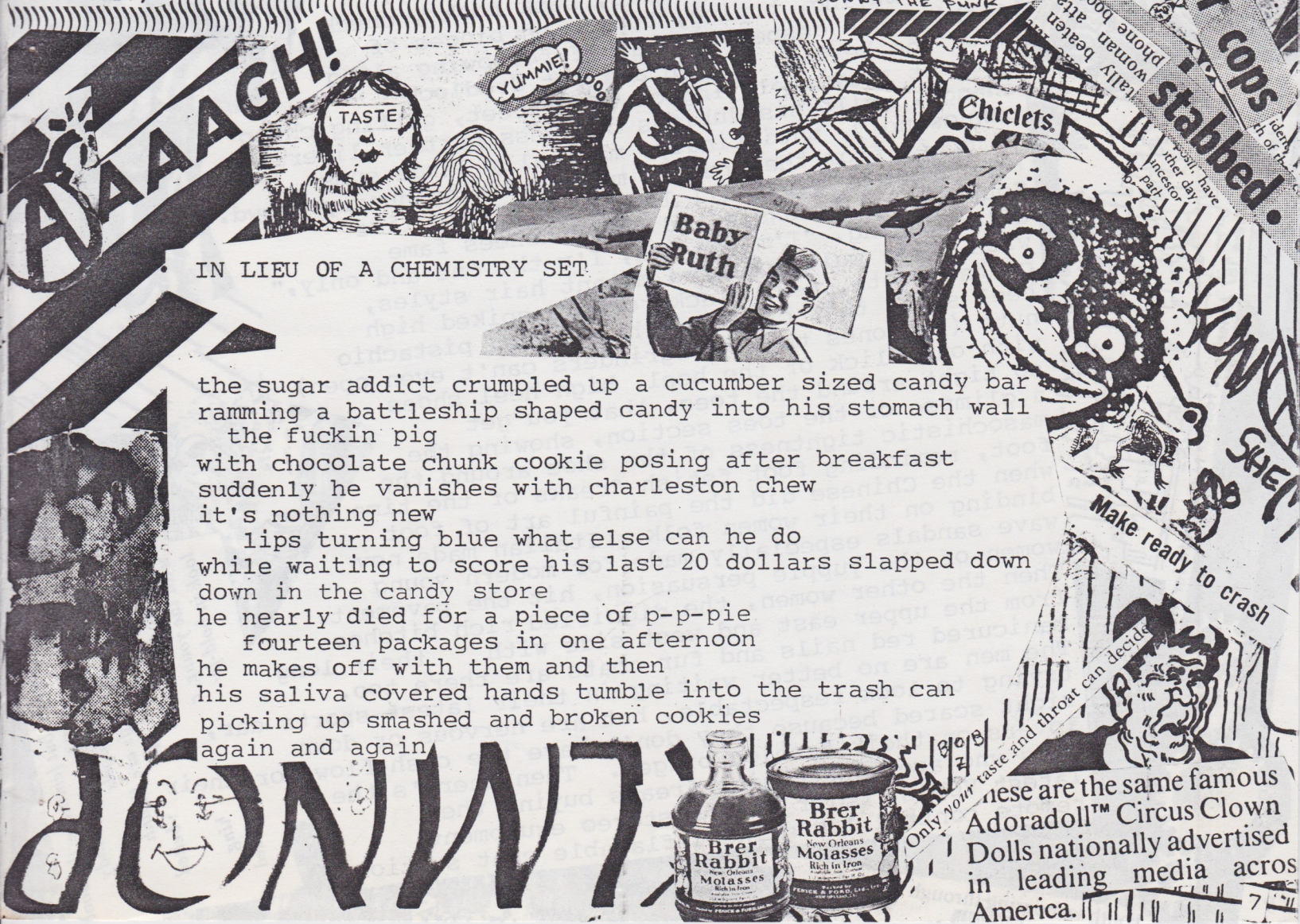
Take a good machete and lop off their heads. Punks don't need them anyway; even skinheads say it's all in the heart. You could try cutting their legs, but that would involve twice as many strokes, and punks are supposed to stand on our own two feet.

Another advantage of lopping heads off would be it will stop the defections to heavy metal. Can't have headbangers without heads, right?

Oh, and before you start in with the machete, jump up and find out which way the stage is. That way you can be sure you're heading in the right direction.

Sid

(You can hear cosmic messages channeled from Sid at any time by dialing 212-OPEC SID.)



IN LIEU OF A CHEMISTRY SET

the sugar addict crumpled up a cucumber sized candy bar ramming a battleship shaped candy into his stomach wall the fuckin' pig

with chocolate chunk cookie posing after breakfast suddenly he vanishes with charleston chew it's nothing new

lips turning blue what else can he do while waiting to score his last 20 dollars slapped down down in the candy store

he nearly died for a piece of p-p-pie

fourteen packages in one afternoon

he makes off with them and then

his saliva covered hands tumble into the trash can

picking up smashed and broken cookies

again and again



These are the same famous Adoradoll™ Circus Clown Dolls nationally advertised in leading media across America.

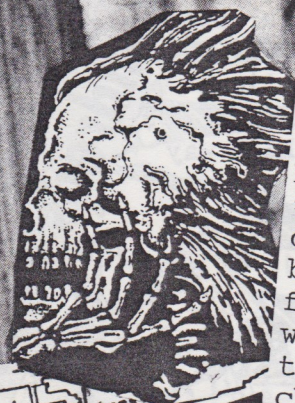


**His Greatest Hits
On Records & Tapes!**

"We all belong to
the same war.
We all have the
same God.
We're all in the
same adventure."
—An American Chaplain

**ANARCHIST FOR HIRE ;
PART 1**
by David Huberman

SHAMED! This Iranian wheel
chair offeree was caught
doing deep-knee bends!



THE ALAMO, where 187 Americans fought to the death for independence —

The city opened up its rusty gates and everybody woke up to their old carnivore selves. It's always a great day for the city on Saturday afternoons. Buy and sell, buy and sell was the theme of everyday of everyday before and after of the city, but especially on Saturday afternoons. Everybody tried to look their best, wearing their designer clothes, jewelry cheaply glittering, reflecting the sunlight making whole streets look like lost shooting stars. Women wearing cakes of makeup to hide their weary housewife existence, women from New Jersey and Long Island running down the street, taking out big wads of money, credit cards, charge cards, bank books, check books, buying, buying, buying on binges of fashionable desperation as if following along with the beat of a down and out dredlock trumpet player playing on the street, getting chump change, while his dubious business partner liberates unknowingly, unwittingly, magically large sums of money from the frantic merchandising hungry crowd. Punk fashion girls all looking a little like Souxsie, of Siouxsie and the Banshees fame all thinking, "I'm the one, I'm the one and only," with their multi-colored mutant hair styles, combat boots, red, black, orange spiked high heel shoes that can crack hard assed pistachio nuts (the ones that nut grinders can't even open) with one flick of the heel, high heel shoes so tight around the toes, that you get a glimpse of the toes section, showing the masochistic tightness of the shoe around the foot, reminding foot fetish freaks of the time when the Chinese did the painful art of foot binding on their women folk. Italian made new wave sandals especially made for modern young women of the yuppie persuasion, hit the pavement. Then the other women, the dignified rich bitches from the upper east and west side with their long manicured red nails and fur coats are there too. The men are no better waiting in their latest sports car, trying to look respectable, but are nervous or down right scared because they don't have the cash flow for their lovers on their fashion binges. Then there's the guys who are electronics freaks buying the latest VCR's, color T.V.'s stereo equipment, remote control likfelike inflatable cunt suction

BEAL BLAN



Slightly foppish but feminine, the wool suit, left, has an Edwardian-dandy air. Long, curving lapels and distinctive cuffs are Khan trademarks. The casual coat, above, a favor with the young, c look in bold-fa

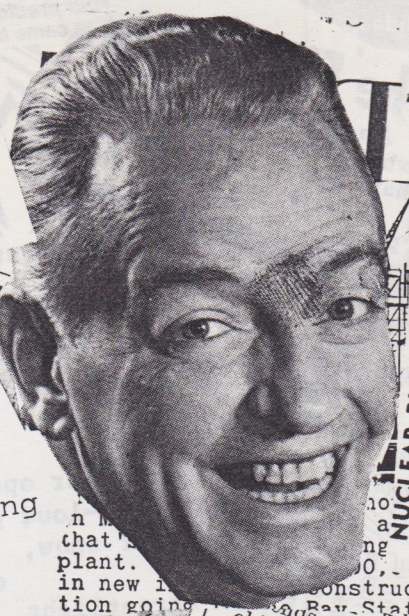
ing
tuned
-belled

...outh wandering through life and

HOW TOGETHER WITH YOUR DIET

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

dolls or what about the bands of gay boys spreading out all over the street looking through the store windows, saying to each other, "Wait a minute, Pierre! Let me get my charge card out." Men so dapper and neat, buying skin cremes, hairsprays, expensive colognes so that they smell no different than the expensive call girls they keep. The young ones coming and going to their health spas, buying Italian knit shirts so that they can show off their bodies and tans, all trying to imitate Sylvester Stallone.



Around them, surrounding them, mixing with the buyers and sellers are the drug addicts, the capitalists of hedonism. The sleazy ones selling some, stealing pocketbooks, mugging the downtrodden, the smarter ones addicting their girlfriends so that they either can sponge off their paychecks or get them to prostitute themselves to the fellers who are looking to jerk off in any woman's cunt, they can get. The restaurants open up their doors, exotic stomach turning smells fill the air, of mouth watering food thousands of chickens, pigs, cattle, turtles, and secretly cats, dogs, mice, rats, squirrels pigeons and babies of animals not even born yet (veal) are slaughtered, taken right out the mother's stomach for extra tender meat, and

for the cannibalistic desires of arrogant creatures that are the lowest of the animal kingdom. They die on modern precision cold steel, concentration camp style conveyor belts. Their death cries of pure agony can be heard only by walking, talking catatonics who's only goal in life is to fill the fast food counters of American restaurants. Hey pass those chicken McNuggets over here, Jack. The expensive chic restaurants who process death into an art form so skillfully, that the ignorant, the uncaring, truly addicted meat eaters gorging on their food, gaining astronomical mass, until the almighty decides that their days are numbered, dying of heart attacks from their mad carnivorous orgies of animal flesh. The others caught up in sugar addicting ecstasies of mouth watering cakes, ice cream, doughnuts, croissants, danishes, all running up and down the street on their sugar manic high, dying from a see-saw action, blood bursting right through the gates, to the brain as armies of red cells do battle, finally merge with the white ones.



THE real Davy Crockett who wasn't all he was cracked up to be, claim historical experts.



FUNNY GUY Jonathan de Hadleigh has resurrected the art of the professional fool.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BAD NEWZ)

TOMATO BARBECUED CHICKEN. Fryer chickens, halved or quartered; 1 lb. tomato sauce and 2 tbs. Worcestershire sauce; 3 tbs. Tabasco; 1/2 cup oil.

double-rich

Guides

The FULL Story

An expert has confirmed what waiters and waitresses have known all along: Boozers are better tip-pers.

"Your prediction came true"

Lit Pistons

"This midnight I will turn into a beer I will"

I WONDER WHY...

THROAT

WHICH WAY TO THE POOP DECK?

The bar door opens and knife-loud guitars fly over snow, cutting the blue of streetlight mixing with flurries. When bottles don't break, it's white magic on sidewalks, while snow blows up and into the bar, waking the heads sweating in smoke.

Now they pogo in darkness, splashing their beer on leather and sawdust turning to mud-- dancing to Kingfisher, a band of spiked blue hair, of manic hands on strings. Me,

I'm the Tapster Priest, mixing ablutions for strange believers, while Helen vibrates in jeans, whipping her slave with chain-link hair of gold--

and whipping up light! God these punks know space and how to use it!...

every inch, flinging the floor's like kids--an uproar of energy lighting this dive,

under the black pipes coiled like snakes on the ceiling.

AMERICA has ANGER

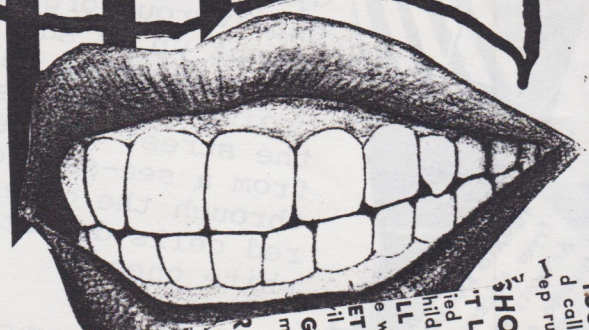
Thanks to my brand of justice, folks hard or foot chopped pills beside her. double-parking a

Timothy Houghton The English Dept. a medal William Jewell College 300 B.C. Liberty, MO 64068 win one now is if pitching became an Olympic event.

DEAD boy's m... because entire popu...

lah sent the 'd sweep

BABY MAT



TOO YOUNG TO... d call us wild teen... Lep running! SHORT STORIES 'T LAY A HAND ON IED my husband a fat... LL MARRIAGE e wild night I put my li ET AND HELPLESS- ill as she was beautiful, GUILT IS MINE! more than ever, my m... RN ROMANCES' T THE TEEN-BRIDE o know if you are rec hopfully married? Wt self, you'll agree it beyond their years

BUGGED: Wiretap ex-pert Bernard Spindel (left) was hired to get the Kennedys.

Scientist

lay limp and unconscious, the vial of

-PUNK

... Here's What You Can Do

SEX AND DEATH

SEX WANTS YOU TO GO ON DEATH WANTS YOU TO STOP.

SEX MAKES YOU GO ON DEATH MAKES YOU STOP.

SEX TELLS YOU WHEN TO GO ON DEATH TELLS YOU WHEN TO STOP.

SEX GOES ON DEATH STOPS. - John Eberly



LET them EAT @.P.P.L.C



An interview with lead singer Jae Monroe by Bob Z, 9/1/86.
Conducted over the telephone, in the comfort of each other's homes.

BZ: Neither Victims Nor Executioners- wheredid that title come from?
(Ed. note- this is the title of APPLE's cassette tape currently on sale for \$3 at 25 Van Dam Street, Brooklyn NY 11222).

JM: It's that book by Camus. It's like, essays written about peace and justice and stuff, by Camus.

BZ: Does it apply to the scene at all- to the hardcore scene?

JM: Yeah, because we're not sayin that we preach...we're not gonna execute somebody if they don't believe as we do but we're not gonna be victims either and we're gonna say what we feel, you know?

BZ: Right... well, couldn't you be a victim and say what you feel at the same time?

JM: Yeah, but what we mean by not being victims is we're not gonna be beaten down to be a victim. Cause usually what a victim means is someone who's been brutalized, you know, so that's what we're sayin. We don't wanna execute anybody but we don't wanna be victims either.

BZ: Where are you guys? Where are you headed now? You've done this last album, where are you goin now? Are you doin another one or what do you wanna do?

JM: Well, we wanna see how this tape sells and what goes on with that, cause we just got a new drummer too since that tape. Yeah, this guy Josh is playin with us now. He's added a lot to our sound. He's a lot better drummer.

BZ: So the personnel in your band now are who?

JM: Me, I sing, Vinnie plays bass, Michael on guitar, and now Josh on drums. And we hope to make a record maybe... one day. An EP probably. Or if not, if we can get the money together, maybe we'll do an LP.

BZ: Takin songs from the last uh-

JM: Yeah, from both tapes and some new stuff

BZ: Have you gotten anything onto comp tapes?

JM: A couple. The Shot Heard Round the World and one called Bleeding Between the Lines.

BZ: What do you think of the New York City hardcore scene these days?

JM: (Laughs) I don't think much of it... I don't even bother to go out any more or anything. I'll go see some good bands when they play, but I don't even wanna deal with it, it's so bad. I went out like maybe a month ago to CBs and I couldn't believe everybody, how stupid they were. All these little kids getting into it... I remember when I got into it. I was 12 years old and I thought it was like this greatest thing. You know, everybody seemed so positive- 'let's change the world.'

BZ: When was that? Late 70s or something?

JM: Maybe 1980 I think. And everybody was so into it. Bands even like Circle Jerks and stuff were singin anti-government songs, shit like that. And that's what I thought it was about. I see the 12 and 13 year old kids gettin into it now and all they have to look forward to is "let's go drink beer on the corner!" or "let's go beat up that gay person over there!" It completely fell apart.

improve IT YOURSELF!



BZ: So what do you think is gonna be an alternative to it-
what's gonna come up if anything?

JM: I don't know, I think it depends on the people who are
left who still care. We gotta try to find some places to
setup our own gigs and try to you know make some alternative
place where people can meet and have fun without worryin
about gettin beat up. You know, stuff like that.

BZ: One thing I think is lackin on the scene these days is
enthusiasm- the nthusiasm is out of it. You know, people
going to shows and shit. Nobody really gives a shit.

JM: They thought of leaving it up to the other person...
"We'll, I'll let him do it." You know, that type of attitude.

Then nothing gets done at all. Then people like Chris
Williamson move in and take over.

BZ: Right, and then guys like him exploit people who say,
"Let's let him do it," by charging everybody lots of money.

END

SCENE REPORT... Sat. Aug 2nd at Charas Hall...The Melvins,
Subcultute, NoFx, A.O.D. by Jimmie Open

Attendance at this show sucked. That's too bad and if you
shut up and listen I'll tell you why I'm pissed. 2 of these
bands travelled in from the west coast, namely the Melvins
(from Seattle) and NoFx (from L.A.). If I was in either of
these bands, not having any other information except what I
saw that night, I would have told you that the New York scene
was bullshit. There's fifteen million people living in the
New York area, and at least 2 to 3 thousand punks who go to
see shows. Maybe 40 people showed up, total. Where was
everybody?

Okay, it was a hot night temperaturewise and still not a
whole lot of kids in the burbs know what or where Charas
Hall is. And maybe because A.O.D. was the only relatively
well-known band, a lot of kids stayed home that night and
went to CBS on Sunday instead. But the price of this show
was only \$5 for 4 good bands. And as it turned out, the
small size of the crowd didn't stop any of these bands from
putting out 110%

Wanna hear me bitch some more? Good, you probably don't
know what's good for you anyway. People at this show weren't
particularly fun-spirited or friendly, except for some of
the band members themselves (who travelled the length of a
continent only to end up at this sleazy little urinal with
hardly anybody in it). All in all, the show could have been
a lot better... not because of the performances of the bands,
but because of the lack of enthusiasm in the audience...
which for the most part didn't even show up.

MAILING LIST FOR ARTISTS....

150 names of politically aware, artistic inclined, anarchisto-
leftist folx, mostly in the New York City area, about 25-30
from elsewhere around the country, available for sale or trade.
This is the mailing list of BAD NEWZ and Artists & Writers
Underground, is used about every month, and so is very up-to-date.
Guaranteed there is no other list like this one anywhere. Will
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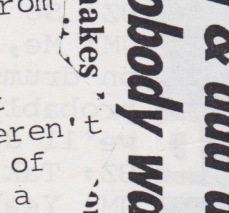
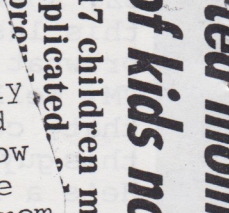
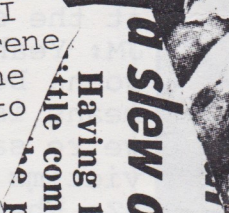
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TAKE THAT AND THAT!

"The groom was the last one to be arrested. He came out of the house as we were putting his mother in a cruise ship. She was very upset and the poor bride hyper-ventilated and her mother passed out."

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This list is perfect for artists, undergroundmagazines, rock shows, pretty much any kind of cultural or political happening.

Yo-yo

interview

BY BOB Z

I WANT TO MARKET MY UNDERWEAR!

NO! IT NEEDS
A RINSE!

J: Yeah yeah. This, I just thought was kinda sensational, you know what I mean? Kinda exploiting that whole, that whole gross kinda thing.

The hydrogen bomb detonated by the United States in 1954 on Bikini, the Pacific atoll, released more power than all of the weapons fired in all the wars in history.

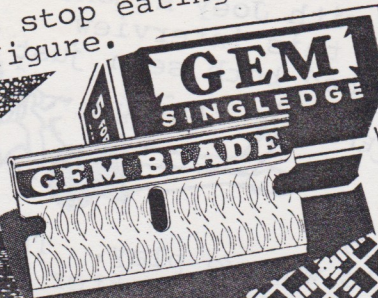
BN: Didn't you get scared?
J: No but maybe if I would've seen it in a straight movie theater it would've been more suspenseful. But I didn't feel it was suspenseful either. Like when I saw Aliens. We were on tour in the midwest and we saw it in Detroit.

BN: How was the movie?
J: Ah, it was great. It was humorous and very suspenseful. It was funny too, and it was, and compassion but it was funny though? It had its horrific.
BN: Didn't you think this movie was funny though? It had its funny moments.
Yeah, it had its funny moments. I just expected more from it. I really feel like I got cheated.
I was disappointed. I really feel like I got cheated.
I was disappointed. I really feel like I got cheated.
I was disappointed. I really feel like I got cheated.

BN: Didn't you think
funny moments.
J: Yeah, it had its funny moments. I just
I'm sort of disappointed. I really feel like I got
BN: Yeah, six bucks is a lot of money.
J: Yeah, I thought six bucks was a lot of money. I just thought
it was like a cheap shot at sensationalism, especially at the end.
I vaguely remember the original- I saw it when I was a kid, you
know? Like on Chiller Theater, one of those kind of shows. But
I remember it not being anything like this; when it ended I
sorta felt cheated cause I know that the original has so much more,
you know what I mean? And this was just like nothing, you know?

He bullied me ... threatened me ...
beat me ...

BN: Do you have a favorite flavor ice cream?
J: Well, I don't eat much ice cream anymore but there was ah, a couple of years ago, I think it was Haagen-Dasz, they came out with that one with the ah, the orange and the vanilla.
BN: Yeah, like a creamsicle?
J: Yeah, yeah, it was like a creamsicle. I thought it was real good. Had to stop eating that shit because you know you gotta watch your figure.



CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM HAT

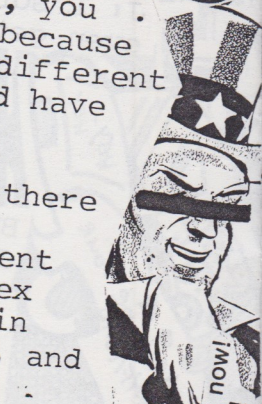
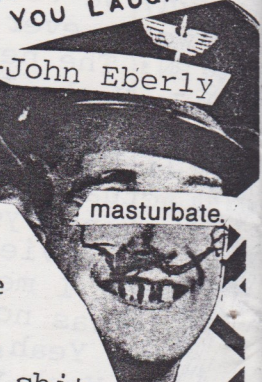
WE WENT TO BASKIN-ROBBINS TO MAKE UP AFTER A FIGHT. YOU BOUGHT ROCKY ROAD AND I GOT A DIP OF CHOCOLATE IN A SUGAR CONE. BACK IN THE CAR YOU DROPPED YOURS ON THE FLOORBOARD AND STARTED CRYING AGAIN. I WASN'T IN THE MOOD; IN FACT, I STARTED LAUGHING, AND OFFERED YOU MY CONE. YOU TOOK A FEW LICKS AND STUCK IT IN MY FACE, THE ICE-CREAM STICKING TO MY FOREHEAD WITH THE SUGAR CONE JUTTING OUT LIKE A UNICORN HORN. YOU LAUGHED AND I DROVE ON...

-John Eberly

Let's talk frankly

BN: I did want to ask about your band. Do you guys plan on staying together or do you know?
J: I don't know what we're doing. We'll be together a couple of more years, we know that.
BN: Some people have been talking about you guys getting into political stuff for the first time, Bonzo Goes To Bitburg and shit.
J: Well that's not true, I mean we've always been politically aware. In America, we came off the heels of Vietnam and we didn't want to fucking be doing, ah, singing about politics because in America there was Country Joe and Bob Dylan and Joan Baez and all that, you know what I mean? We didn't fucking wanna be singin politics because it's a bring down, you know what I mean? In England it was a different story. They never had a Vietnam so they'd be singing... they'd have their anti-queen or whatever, you know what I mean?
BN: Cause politicians suck, is that why?
J: At the time we just didn't want to bring people down. Over there it's a different culture, you know? It's not the same kind of government as here, so there's really no comparison. When we went over there there was really no such thing as punk rock or the Sex Pistols or the Clash or anybody like that. We went over there in '76. Our album came out 6 months earlier there than in America, and ah, punk rock was big there- Dr. Feelgood, Brinsley Schwartz, but to kids that had gotten our album, like we were selling out CBGBs at that point. It legally held 250 people and we were bringing in like a thousand and people were hanging off the rafters. When we went over to England and we sold out 3 nights at the Roundhouse which was 3,000 people a night and then we played Dingwall's, which held 1500 people.
BN: Did you see the money from those gigs?
J: Yeah, but then, like Dingwall's, at the soundcheck, all these kids came up and told us we were directly responsible for them forming their bands, you know what I mean? Like they were totally influenced by what we were doing, you know?
BN: And you didn't know that that was going to happen when you started doing what you were doing, at the beginning?
J: Well the Ramones are just like total chemistry, you know what I mean? It's like a chemical imbalance or something.

cock was hard as steel, and it her until I filled her bowels with a looked positively threatening. I hot load of my thick cum. When I was actually half scared.



Oh, I just came! Weeeee! Whew! Wow!

business
longer and fatter
than it ever had before

"If anyone fucks up, forget it,
we'll never hear the end of it.
We enjoy being the best."

BN: You've gone through a bit of personnel changes...
J: Well the band's always been the three of us. Drummers don't last long with us, they tend to burn out. Just drummers in general, whether it be umm, Bonham or Keith Moon, I mean they all tend to get into drugs and for some reason they tend to fuck themselves up. The Ramones are a very disciplined band and you have to be responsible for yourself, cause we don't put up with any shit, you know what I mean?

BN: You guys don't do drugs on stage?

J: We don't fuckin do, we don't do drugs. For the most part we go on straight. We used to have strict rules and heavy fines about anybody who would indulge before they were on stage.

BN: Really?

J: Yeah, because you know if you're fucked up on stage you can't give your best performance and to do what we do, it's very physical, you know what I mean? Now it's a little more lenient but still if anyone fucks up, forget it, we'll never hear the end of it. We enjoy being the best and that's it.

Two-bit Drug use may
an prevent cancer

BN: Do you like influencing the younger bands, helping them out and stuff?

J: We've always been supportive of all the hardcore bands. They look up to us.
BN: What do you think of hardcore as a movement or do you see it as a movement?

J: Some of it's good, like anything else, you know what I mean? I get off on things that are original and innovative.

BN: Do you have any favorite groups in hardcore?

J: Samhain, I like Samhain, I think they're good.
BN: What about American bands?

J: I don't know, I'm open, but I don't know, I just haven't been hearing a whole lot you know? I like Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, and all that, but I like them when they were back when, you know what I mean?

BN: Have you heard Gone, Greg Ginn's band?

J: No. I like Van Halen, I used to like them, I don't like them no more.

BN: Why not?

J: I used to like them with David Lee Roth, you know? Actually I like heavier stuff. I like a lot of stuff. I guess right now my favorite band is AC/DC.

J: Yeah, I like to hear guitar, you know what I mean? I like to hear the heaviness. I like to hear the songs or like more melodic structures but I like to hear the crunch you know?

BN: Definitely, I know how that is. But ah, you started out drumming, didn't you, with the Ramones?

J: Yeah, yeah.

Prunes block The opinion of professional
ice cream taster John Harrison

BN: What happened with that, how come you stopped doing that?
J: Well it just kept getting faster and faster and I couldn't keep up anymore. In my last band I was a singer and Dee Dee liked what I was doing.
BN: Do you find like that your throat goes out after a couple of gigs?
J: No. In the early days I had some problems but I don't have problems any more.

BN: Is there any one thing that you could say is a reason why you don't have problems?

J: I have good technique. Strong technique.
BN: You never took any training did you?

J: I took breathing. I learned a lot and then I self-taught myself. I created my own technique. A lot of times people ask me, "oh, can you show me something?" As far as projecting and stuff, you know what I mean? But I really can't cause I have my own method.

BN: It gets hard to teach it?
J: Yeah, yeah, it's my own method. It would be really difficult to show somebody else. When I prepare for a show it starts out physical, like various kinds of calisthenics and situps and various kinds of breathing exercises, vocal exercises to like open up your lungs and your throat so you can give it the most. You know, open up your range. That way you won't fuck up your throat.

When we go out on tour we're out like 7 months and we're playing maybe 6-7 nights a week, you know what I mean? I like to kinda keep it like 3-4 shows and then a day off. But sometimes you do a stretch like... I think the longest stretch we ever did was 10 shows in a

Sirs: I was jiving up in the clouds with my 6"-high Cucuracha Miranda clogs (\$40) ("Uppity Shoes," Sept. 8) until I crashed down some stairs and sprained my ankle (\$50). heavy

MARY

PHEW!

row.
BN: That must've been tough.

J: Well it wasn't really.

BN: Did you have fun doing that?

J: It was tiring but it wasn't tough. Yeah, it's fun, and like, I was worried maybe cause like when we play and after the show I like to relax... I like to hang out and go out and have a couple of beers and hang out... and you know I like to party too and that can get you into trouble but that's how I am.

So what did you think of the film?

BN: I got scared. I walked out of there with my stomach turning. The guy with no hands pickin up the shotgun- that was good.

J: Yeah, there was some kind of humane quality about it. Like that guy lived and all even though he had no hands. Any other horror movie, the thing would have killed him, right?

BN: Yeah. I would've liked to see what happened after that scene. How the story would've leaked out to the press and shit. What woulda happened after that.

J: Somebody told me when she had the abortion that some maggot flew out of her.

Its worth a shot.

YOUNG

REPUBLICAN

BN: Yeah- that was that scene with the dream.
J: Yeah right. I'm sure there'll be a sequel.
BN: Right, seemed like it. Seemed like there could be.
J: It ended kinda quick, you know. How long do you think it was, about an hour or what?
BN: An hour and a half maybe.
J: Yeah, it ended pretty quick.
BN: Six bucks is a lot to ask for a movie you know?
J: Yeah. I pay that much for... you know.
BN: You've been all over the fucking place. If you had to pick one place to live, where would it be?
J: Right here.
BN: Right here- this is it?
J: This is where- I'm happy here. We just came back from Europe. We were playing festivals, headlining festivals over in Belgium and Holland. Played some nights in Amsterdam and you know I fuckin you know- this is great, this is home for me.
BN: I heard good things about Holland- the laws are pretty lenient there, they've got a scene, an underground music scene- is that true?

J: Yeah, yeah. It's all right there. A lot of people like Europe, it's real nice there, I like it there. But I like being home in America you know what I mean? In New York. I like American food and I like-

BN: Cheeseburgers and shit? I don't eat meat these days. I try to stay away from that.

J: I don't know, something about the food over there... I get off on different cultures and different adventures cause to me touring is like an adventure, you know what I mean? I enjoy going out.

BN: You meet all kinds of people.

J: Yeah and I enjoy that, I enjoy that. I like Europe and England, but what I like about England is, I had a really good time this past time that we went there.

BN: England?

J: Yeah. It was like my birthday and the album came out on my birthday but when we went there, in early May, we were there for 3 weeks and every night we celebrated (laughs).

BN: Sounds like a good time.

J: Well I just like really enjoyed myself. The beer over there is fuckin great. It's delicious you know? They brew their own. In every town they brew their own lagers and stuff.

BN: Speakin of beers, I think I still got some money. Lemme see if I can... I can afford another round for the both of us. Lemme see if I can...

J: I mean, a lot of the English say that American beer is like pis and I guess it is. There's is nice and thick and tasty and shit...

(END OF INTERVIEW)

YOU'RE NOT COMPLAINING!

APE!

womanizer

game officials offered the one-legged woman \$1,500 "take or leave it," said Jones. "And she took it." The three

"I just wanted to see the thief's face when he tried it on - the left sleeve is only 9 1/2 inches long, and the right one's only half an inch longer," she said

NEW REPUBLIC

No it's not a magazine we're talking about. But a young bunch from Park Ridge and thereabouts in the heart of New Jersey.

First time I caught this band on stage was at the May Day False Prophets Benefit this year. Heard a lot about them from people who don't normally have big mouths, so I figured they must be good. Turns out they were. A listen to their cassette tape verified my suspicions. This was one of the most happening young bands in the New York area... and still is.

Now with a new guitarist, writing new songs that incorporate a little bit of folk, a little jazz fusion, perhaps not as fast on some songs, maybe even faster on others, New Republic is currently playing gigs in and around their home on an occasional basis. Let's hope something happens and we see more of them in the city.

Their music is political punk and has a real message. Brendan O'Blivion, the singer for this band, is known for his surprising stage antics, like squirting his face with red paint in the middle of a song and writhing around on the ground like a snake for the rest of it. It seems there isn't anything he won't do, which is a refreshing change from the usual stand up and scream routine.

With more people getting involved in organizing their own shows in New York City, perhaps we'll see New Republic on the scene again with their own version of high-powered chunk rock. If anything like that is going to happen, though, it's going to be people like you and me who go to the trouble of finding a place and putting on the show. How about it? - Bob Z

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is ready to process them.

SCENE REPORT

by Bob Z

FLOOR KISS, ED GEIN'S CAR, THE DICKIES, THE BACKBONES at CBGBs
September 20

I had a really good time at this show. I thought it was a little strange that Ed Gein went on first though, and so did they. The club was only about half full at that time and I think a lot of people who showed up during the Floor Kiss set would've really enjoyed seeing Ed Gein's Car too. Those people kind of missed out. Not that Floor Kiss isn't a solid band- they had some catchy grooves also and I look forward to catching their punk-ska-r&b-c&w mixture again.

Ed Gein's Car played a powerful, gutsy set with some occasionally searing guitarwork from lead guitarist Tim highlighting it for me. This band also has some tastefully raw harmonies worked into a few of their songs. Bassist Eric had a broken leg but that didn't stop him from putting out any. This band has a good time on stage and it shows; it's real easy to enjoy them.

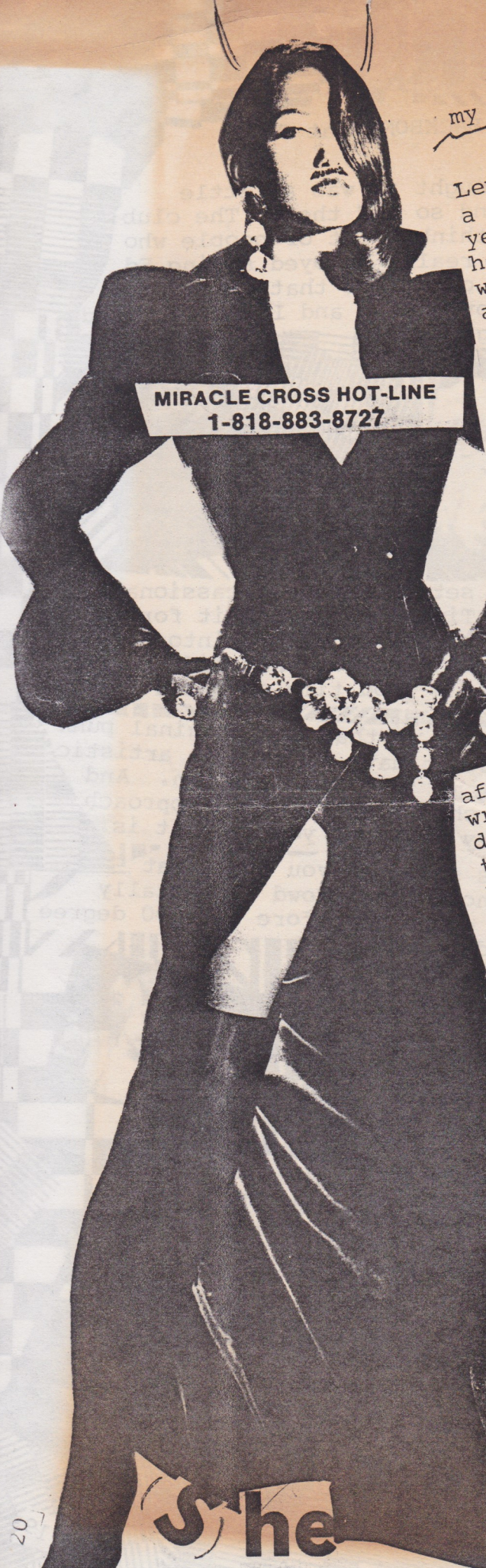
Speaking of enjoyable, the Dickies showed us that the original punk spirit is still alive and well. You don't have to have an artistic point-of-view to make people laugh, slam, jump and have fun. And that's just what was going on at this show. The Dickies approach everything like it's nothing. And they prove to you that it is.

So what if it cost 9 bucks to get into this show, so you don't eat the next day, so what. This was a great show! The crowd was totally into it, bringing the Dickies back for two encores before the 100 degree heat on stage brought the evening to an end.

photos: Counterclockwise
from top right: Scott of
EGC; deerfrance of FK;
Eric of EGC; Scot; Lenny
of the Dickies; Lenny;
Stan of the Dickies;
2 more of Lenny
photos by Kevin Amer

The Dickies did a lot of cover songs, like Led Zep's "Communication Breakdown", Black Sabbath's "Paranoid", and the theme from the Who's "Tommy", complete with a twenty-five inch long penis puppet pulled up on lead singer Lenny's arm. The Dickies watch television a lot and as a result do songs like "Gigantor" and the theme from "The Banana Splits" on stage. No matter what they played, every song sounded unmistakably like the Dickies were playing it.

A new album called "The Second Coming" will be out in the Spring of '87. Don't forget to pick up a copy of the next BAD NEWZ to read the sad sad interview we did with Stan Lee and with Lenny, both of whom have strange tales to tell.



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my brother the XY

Lena used to be just a little bit like me
a bit of a boy with six inch cock hanging and free
years ago she used to be my brother all right
he found some incredible lover in the night
who made him a TV made him queen bee
after a year of acting queer
i knew my brother was acting freer
the way he walked the way he talked
noone had to guess
wherever he went he went in a dress
yes he was not about to stop there
he shaved off every strand of hair
the very next morning
the truth was dawning
in the house we shared
as soon as she'd seen my ex-brother Lena
my mother turned green
"Oh--er!" she said seeing her there
in a pair of nylons sitting in the easy chair.

after the doctors were finally through
writing prescriptions that noone would use
daddy wondered what to do
tired of driving his cadillac
while junior whiffed at model glue
the textbooks said it couldn't be true
Lena had disowned him
even refused to phone him
daddy said he didn't care about anything Lena did
i thought he was full of shit
i thought he was really scared
one day she would come back home
while daddy's mannikin friends were there.
she'd create a scene beyond compare
with all the ribbons in her hair
daddy was so paranoid
it made my sister overjoyed
watching as his nostrils flaired.

it couldn't go on much longer
the hate between them growing stronger
i helped my sister pack
her things into a hope chest
she never did come back
maybe it's for the best
my brother the XY
a guy who spoke real high
flew from the cozy middle class nest
without even saying goodbye

She

END 2

got it maid

FROM OUR GALLERY OF

punk VETERANS

What Is Punk?

• Bug

• David Huberman

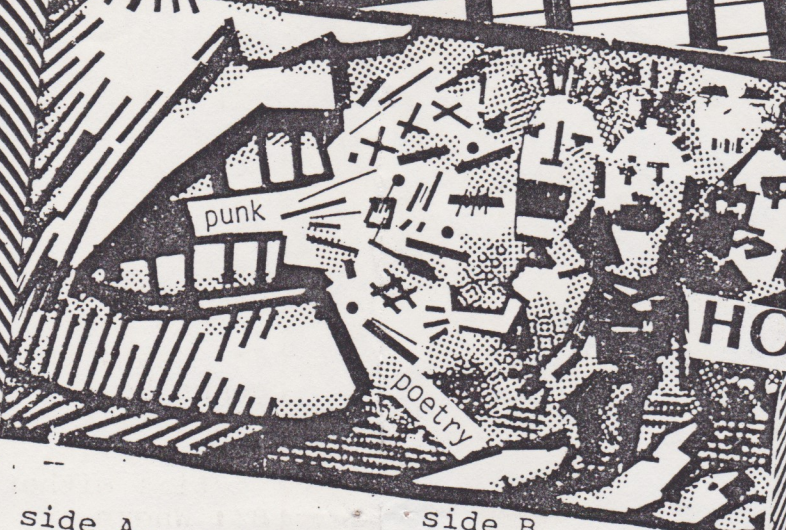
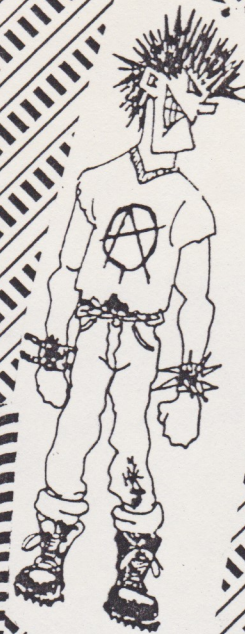
• Donny the Punk

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side A.

1. I Am Jack (Bug)
2. horseshit-and-Dead Mice (Bug)
3. Anarchist For Hire (D. Huberman) (part I)

side B.

1. Anarchist For Hire (part II) (D. Huberman)
2. Punkster (D. Huberman)
3. Hunger Strike In Solitary (Donny the Punk)
4. Heidi's Motel (Bug)
5. A Visit from St. Vicious (Donny the Punk)

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